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WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

No. 49.

With which is incorporated
The International Socialist Review for Australasia.

SYDNEY: APRIL 1, 1911.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a Newspaper.

PRICE, ONE PENNY.

THE SONG OF TRUTH.

BY EDS.

A spirit upon life's sable sea,
I light a way for the wayward, worn;
The crimson banner by Demos borne
Has mottoes of gold engraved by me.
I know the land of the golden gleam—
The inspiration of helley's dream—
The land of the Joy to be.

CHORUS—

Ye workers, arise, arise, arise!
Arise, ye workers and follow me!
I wend to the West where never dies
The Sunset of Love—where longing lies
The realm of the free, the free!

Tell of the woes and miseries
That dwell for ever among the poor;
The pangs of godly and human law
Destroying their souls by slow degrees.
I mourn a monopoly of the minds
Defiled and killed by an age that blind
Man's heavenly destinies.

The rich in the palace fear to hear
My prophecy of a coming day,
When golden glory shall fade away,
And man shall enjoy the vernal years.
They fear the time in the future vast
When blinding memory of the past
Engendered oft a tear.

—Brexit Truth

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

Wilson, anti-Labor Premier of Westralia, eulogises Senator Pearce's naval scheme, and also jubilates concerning Admiral Henderson's report. Another fact which should go to warn the workers against the Labor Party's murder projects.

That extraordinary craft union concern, the Wellington Trades and Labor Council, alarmed at the progress of the N.Z. Federation of Labor—which comes proclaiming Revolutionary Unionism—has adopted a pledge as follows:

"Prior to being admitted as a delegate to the Wellington Trades and Council, I, the undersigned, hereby pledge myself to loyally adhere to and further the objects of the union I represent, as incorporated in the constitution, and not to divulge its business to the press, or any person not connected with the council; and to retire from the delegatship of the council if it be held that a breach of my pledge has been committed."

A pledge of that sort won't wipe out the Social Revolution.

There was a motley gathering at Newtown the other night when spy-employer Kneeshaw and Alf. Edden and Stuart-Robertson and Railway Commissioner Richardson said nice things at one another.

Over at Willoughby, where the Minister for Labor opened a new School of Arts with a golden key, Leg-irons Wade spoke some; Colonel Rylie eulogised the Labor Party's murder scheme, and said as how they'd have his support "as long as they went on in that way"; Mr. Graham—a master-class man—patted Mr. Beeby on the back for the good work he had done. Mr. Beeby replied, and Mr. Backhouse casually mentioned that the Fat Men of Willoughby wanted £250 for their library—and hoped to get it from the present Government—a statement that explained some of the milk in the coconut.

F. Schwarzl, a Sydney business man, just returned from the Islands, has been telling the *Telegraph* how German cruisers, with 800 troops, visited the island of Ponape, made an attack upon the village jackoits at a time when most of the villagers were absent, and drove the inhabitants into the interior. At one spot, where about 100 had taken up a position, many were killed. The Germans smashed everything in the line of march, and destroyed all food-stuffs, so that the rebels were hard-pressed for supplies, and were hunted like beasts, till at last only about 16 of the principal rebels were left. Their friends advised them to surrender, and they decided to do so, and were summarily executed. The men faced death laughing and joking. Several hundred other natives were deported to the Carolines.

Mr. Schwarzl seems to think the killing of these people and the destruction of their property was a great piece of work—and from a business point of view we suppose it was.

Certain persons seem to have over-reached themselves a bit over the "Osborne Judgment." An official section in the Illawarra Miners' Association who objected to the Association joining the Coal and Shale Workers' Federation, pulled the wires and had the Osborne Judgment utilised to block the Illawarra union paying the Federation's sustenance fee. They were P.L.L. men who worked that little scheme, and the immediate effect is to make it possible to land every craft union affiliated with the P.L.L. in the political soup, and block the payment of moneys by the unions to the P.L.L.

A link with the mighty past is the well-preserved skeleton of a dinosaur, 30ft. to 10ft. long, and 15ft. to 18ft. in height, which has been found in the Palisades of New York.

"The dinosaur may be said to have been something of a cross between a crocodile and an ostrich, on a greatly exaggerated scale," said the assistant paleontologist of the N.Y. Museum, "and ten million years ago probably roamed in the Broadway, New York, where the huge sky scrapers are now erected."

The South Clifton wheelers ceased work a week ago because the management refused their demand for increased wages.

Skilled labor in the woollen industry in Victoria—the home of the Wages Boards system—has been paid 6s per day for eight or nine years, says Sydney *Worker*, the chief advocate of the Wages Boards system. Something for you, the man with the stone head, to think about there!

The Labor Government having absolutely failed to make good, the politicians are now telling the workers the only way out of the difficulty is to vote "yes" at the Referenda. "Yes" will mean that a High Court judge will fix up things industrial in the master-class way, instead of a State Supreme Court judge as now. It's the difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, brothers mine.

Mr. Hughes fights for control of working-class conditions and wages by the master-class through the Federal Arbitration Court.

Mr. Holman fights for control of working-class conditions and wages by the master-class through the State Arbitration Court.

The only difference in the two positions is that Mr. Hughes's proposal makes in the direction of the "trustification" of the capitalist power controlling the workers.

A portion of the price Australia has to pay for the murder game: Duntroon Military College, £33,000; small arms factory, Lithgow (cost of works only), £48,000; cordite factory, Maribyrnong, Vic. (expended to date), £38,000; "defence" stores, Darling Island, £44,005; Maitland drill-hall, £2,200; Bulli, rifle range, £175; Mudgee, rifle range, £200; Adamstown; Singleton, drill hall, £1290; Chowder Bay, £330, store; Long Bay, £1000, rifle range; Richmond, ambulance depot, £775; Wagga Wagga, £130, drill hall; Tamworth, rifle range, £100; Lithgow (in addition to cost of works) small-arms factory expenditure, boiler setting £150, timber stringers £240, furniture £315, power plant £3946 10s, base plates £284 19s 5d, two motors £126, piping in forge-shop £362; Victoria Barracks, sanitary fittings, £200; Duntroon, laundry £400, refrigerating plant £347 10s, wood-sorting plant £47, accumulator battery £399, electric lighting £715 13s, working appliances £71 10s, small pumping plant £116 11s; Armidale, drill-hall shed £93 15s, further enlargement £104 5s; Albion Park, rifle range, £180; Tenterfield, £170, rifle range; Adamstown, rifle range, £600; Forbes, rifle range, £193; George's Head, fortifications £300, ordnance depot £162; Lismore, rifle range, £150; Moss Vale, rifle range, £290; Muswellbrook, rifle range, £180; Newington, stone wall embankment at magazine, £245; Randwick, shed for lockers, £300; Richmond, rifle range construction, £250; Scone, rifle range, £177; Singleton, rifle range, £147; Victoria Barracks, renovations, £312, latrines for cadets £130; Yass, rifle range, 202.

And this is only a fraction compared to what is to follow.

Harry Clarke, of the U.L.U., says that if it had not been for the scabbing of railway unionists at Morgan, S.A., consignments of blackleg fruit from Benmark would not have been landed in Adelaide. He points out that "the fruit, picked, transported, and handled by scabs, now roasts in the depot, carefully guarded by officials of a Labor Government."

When the Balmain Laborites left the Leg-irons meeting the other night, Mr. Bruce Smith remarked, "I am glad we have had this opportunity of separating the sheep from the goats." Of course, he meant that the followers of the political Fishers for votes were the goats; but, all the same, the likening of his own supporters to sheep was unfortunate for him. Sheep have a fool habit of following any silly old bell-wether (it doesn't matter whether his name happens to be Smith or anything else) into all sorts of dangerous places. The writer has seen a bell-wether used to lead a mob of sheep into a pen for the purpose of getting their throats cut. Something like that may happen to the sheep men Bruce Smith leads.

Policemen writing in the daily press point out, re Superintendent Johnson's case, that when other officers desired to remain in the "service" after they reached the 60 years' limit, their requests were promptly refused. They say that Johnson's work could easily be performed by any of the men due for promotion. It looks as if the McIwren Government was keeping this particular super on the list by way of reward for the great work he performed in the Broken Hill lockout.

Speaking at Orange recently, Mr. W. M. Hughes pleaded that the Commonwealth Government alone could suppress Tattersall's sweeps, and for that reason among others he argued the people should vote "Yes" on the Referenda. Mr. Hughes was playing to the Wowsler gallery at Orange. At Hobart, where everybody wants Tattersall's to continue, Mr. Hughes played to the gambling gallery by declaring that the Commonwealth wouldn't have power under the altered Constitution to abolish the Tattersall gamble! The professional politician, when he hasn't got his tongue in his cheek, always speaks with two tongues.

Mr. Alfred Edden now finds that he will need Parliamentary sanction before he proceeds with his projected State coal mine. When the miners get the mud out of their eyes they'll begin to wonder what sort of a giddy game Alf. and his party have been playing with them. Of course, a State mine run by a crowd that jails unionists for refusing to be scabs would hardly work for the benefit of the miners; but the striver-jailing Labor Party has been trying very hard to make them believe it would.

The British Government is becoming quite revolutionary. Through its administrators in India it is legislating for a TWELVE-HOURS' DAY in that Crown Colony.

The British Government has a military force at Tonypandy (Wales), where the miners are on strike—"to be in readiness if required." The British Government is awfully like our Australian Labor Government.

According to a statement made by Lord Robert Cecil, and Messrs. J. T. Ellis and J. N. Griffiths, the London police were guilty of unexampled brutality towards the women arrested in connection with the suffrage movement. "Several of the suffragettes were kicked, their bodies and limbs showing the signs afterwards. Others were struck in the face and beaten. Generally, the women suffered every species of violence, including indignities of a very gross kind."

Because the Welsh anthracite coal miners have produced too much coal, there is to be a complete stoppage of all the mines in a month's time, and 15,000 miners, with their wives and children, will have to suffer accordingly. This is just one phase of capitalist production.

Mr. Andrew Fisher says he found everything cheery in the Sydney G.P.O. He must have seen Josiah's wage-slaves and big sweatshop through coronation glasses.

A mine manager used some vile language within the hearing of women and children at the Socialist meeting at Lithgow on Wednesday evening last. A bystander requested a local policeman to take notice of the fact, reminding him that if the language were used by a worker the user would be promptly locked up. The policeman's only reply was an insult and a recommendation "not to tell me what's me duty." A miner who spoke of a "few paltry policemen" at a Socialist meeting at Scarborough was fined. But a mine manager has privileges.

The police have been again demonstrating the brutality of their methods against the striking miners in South Wales. Many of the people have been injured.

American Capitalism, through the American Government, has decided to come to the assistance of the murderer Diaz if he fails to crush the Mexican revolution by May. Another crime will thus be added to the long annals of the American capitalist class.

The State Government is being asked to commit another crime against the working class by contributing £800 pounds towards the silly coronation corroborree of capitalism. Surely it was sufficient that the Labor Party should have contributed Jim McIwren and his wife, after having had them taught to walk backwards.

Labor-member Cochran describes the N.S.W. Railway Department (administered by the Labor Party) as "a disgraceful sweating shop." Therefore, the Labor Party as an employer is a disgraceful sweater. And people might well ask why Mr. Cochran remains a member of a Party that so disgracefully sweats the railway workers.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has received promises of support, men, money, and arms, from the Grand Lodges of Canada, United States, Australia, and N.Z., to resist Home Rule."

And the Orange Lodge more than other institution bequeathed to civilisation by the age of barbarism is always loud in denouncing the Socialists as law-breakers and revolutionaries.

But, then, the Orangemen are going to kill their brother men for the love of God! And that's where the difference comes in.

Lord Chelmsford has been touring the Monaro country, and the school teachers have been lining the children up at the schools and making them sing "Gorsave," while the Governor has been telling the little school girls that if they "all married mayors and aldermen when they grew up they could do something for their country in that way, and for the great Empire." A mediocre Governor trying to be funny is a most painful experience—for the crowd he operates on. But, if N.S.W. must pay Mr. Chelmsford £5000 a year and perks and give him a fine big house to live in rent free, he might surely be expected to crack better jokes than that. Why the ordinary circus clown doesn't get nearly £5000 a year, and his fool jokes are far better than those of the performer who gets the £5000.

The Central Unemployed Body (London) has abandoned the proposal to send 300 London unemployed to Sydney, and one hundred of them will sail by the steamer Pakeha.

One hundred more surplus wage-slaves for Australian capitalism to use in reducing the Australian standard of living.

Labor-member Cochran upper-cuts the Labor Party, of which he is a member. He says:

"In many instances private contractors are hampered when competing with Government departments for work for which tenders were called, because the Government pays such low wages."

And again:

"The privileges" prated about by the Chief Railway Commissioner was not worth the price paid for them. The casual labor employed by the depart at Darling Harbor is miserably paid. The recent strike of the capstain workers demonstrated this, when the whole trade of the harbor was held up while the Commissioner "barneyed" with the men for a miserable increase of 3d an hour, which their labor fully entitled them to."

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. The above short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

Committee and General Meetings.

The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-st., Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—
Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

A Blue Mark

through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE.

A Red Mark

indicates that your Subscription must be renewed AT ONCE, if you desire the delivery of the paper to continue.

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like a sheaf of wheat!
Ready to rush out at God's call,
O Chivalry of Labor.
Triumph and Toil are twins, though they
Be singly born in sorrow,
And 'tis the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow.

—GERALD MASSEY.

The Proletarian Movement.

Its Historic Mission is the Ending of Class Rule.

In the conditions of the proletariat, those of old society at large are already virtually swamped. The proletariat is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with the bourgeois family relations; modern industrial labor, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character. Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

All the preceding classes that got the upper hand sought to fortify their already acquired status by subjecting society at large to their conditions of appropriation. The proletarians can not become masters of the productive forces of society, except by abolishing their own previous mode of appropriation, and thereby also every other previous mode of appropriation. They have nothing of their own to secure and to fortify; their mission is to destroy all previous securities for, and insurances of, individual property.

All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interest of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, can not stir, can not raise itself up, without the whole super-incumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.

Though not in substance, yet in form, the struggle of the proletariat with the bourgeoisie is at first a national struggle. The proletariat of each country must, of course, first of all settle matters with its own bourgeoisie.

In depicting the most general phases of the development of the proletariat, we traced the more or less veiled civil war, raging within exist-

ing society, up to the point where the violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie lays the foundation for the sway of the proletariat.

Hitherto every form of society has been based, as we have already seen, on the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed classes. But in order to oppress a class certain conditions must be assured to it under which it can, at least, continue its slavish existence. The serf, in the period of serfdom, raised himself to membership in the commune, just as the petty bourgeois, under the yoke of feudal absolutism, managed to develop into a bourgeois. The modern laborer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an over-riding law. It is unfit to rule because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery, because it can not help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under this bourgeoisie; in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society.

The essential condition for the existence and for the sway of the bourgeois class is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage labor. Wage labor rests exclusively on competition between the laborers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the laborers, due to competition, by the revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of modern industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeois produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, is its own grave diggers. Its fall and victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.—*Communist Manifesto.*

The Rise of Economic Institutions.

Economic institutions are the factories, mills and mines in which the necessities of life are produced. We hear a great deal from our theologian friends of the "Fall of Man," but the fact is, mankind has risen. Starting without articulate speech, or tools, our ancestors fought the battle first for existence and safety from wild animals. Their lack of abstract reasoning, and the dangers surrounding them, made progress almost imperceptible for ages and ages. The discovery of striking fire, the invention of the bow and arrow, the development of the use of pottery, the domestication of animals, and use of adobe bricks for dwellings in place of cave-living, the smelting of iron ore, and the development of a phonetic alphabet, we owe to the periods of savagery and barbarism. With the rise of civilisation all the forces of nature seem to be conquered by man.

Astronomy explains the planetary system; chemistry has conquered colors, developed steel, and by-products; mechanics has conquered the seas, bound the earth with steel bands of rails and wires; and even the air is being conquered by man as well as by birds.

Machinery has made it possible to abolish poverty, the scourge of the human race.

Every generation has added its quota and genius to the development of industry, until we have the gigantic trusts, which in their productive departments are the highest type of economic institutions we have. In spite of the unpopularity of the trusts, they have become more and more powerful, and when we understand economic forces we will see that their development is as natural as the growth of a child.

The men who operate these economic institutions are skilled and unskilled workers, who must sell their labor-power.

The men who own these economic institutions are capitalists.

The former organise economic organisations such as unions; the latter form economic co-operative committees known as merchants and manufacturers' associations. The fact that they do this, and exclude each other from their organisations, points to the different interest each has. This exemplifies the class-struggle waging in modern society.

An Open Letter

To Judge Heydon concerning Lithgow

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

YOUR HONOR,—I think it was Burke who said: "What is morally wrong can never be made legally right." Your pronouncements in the Lithgow cases would make it appear that you think otherwise. Hence this letter.

You have proclaimed that Arbitration is right. The Socialists have always declared that Arbitration (that is, Arbitration as your court knows it) is morally wrong—fundamentally wrong.

Now, if your Honor knows anything of the political history of N.S.W., you will know that we resented and uncompromisingly resisted the movement of your class to shackle the industrial organisations of the workers with this measure in 1901-2. Then we urged—as we have never ceased to urge—since—that the workers being the creators of ALL the wealth of the community should alone be the possessors of the wealth. We pointed out that your Honor's class—a mere fraction of the people—although doing no useful productive work, held practically the whole of the factors of wealth production, and declined to allow the useful workers access to those factors—land, mines, mills, factories, ships, etc.—unless they first consented to pay a toll of more than two-thirds of the wealth they produced to your useless non-producing class.

We have fed you all for a thousand years.

And you hail us still unfed!

Though there's never a shilling of all your wealth
But marks the workers' dead!

Then, as now, we regarded your class as economic bushrangers, holding the loaded pistol of legal power and privilege at the collective head of the working-class, and demanding: "Your money or your life." We were not side-tracked by the fact that the alleged Labor Party god-fathered that Arbitration child of dishonor.

You will also remember that we then asked what moral reason could exist for the honest, useful workers arbitrating with the idle, useless robber class as to the exact amount the useful workers should agree to permit the useless idlers to rob them of. We then told the workers that they were the sellers of labor-power; further, we told them that labor-power was the one and only commodity the workers as a whole had to sell, and that they alone should have the right to fix the selling price of it.

When your Honor's class has things to sell, it is not insisted that a board should be appointed to fix the selling price. For instance, Mr. Hoskins has pig iron and steel and puddle bars to sell, but he fixes the selling price in his own way. If your Honor had a horse or any other commodity to sell, and you were told that you would be compelled to sell it at a price fixed by a board of which the prospective buyer was chairman with a casting vote and full arbitrary powers, your Honor would stand aghast and say profane things concerning the enormity of the injustice that was being perpetrated against you.

And yet, this is the exact position in which your Honor's class endeavors to place the workers with your Wages Boards and your Arbitration Courts. You will not, if you can help it, permit the workers to sell their commodity at their own price; you insist on having a Board—presided over by a member of your class, with arbitrary powers—to fix the selling price, and when it is fixed, the robbery of the workers by the drones is made safer and securer for the drones, and the workers' position is not bettered, your Honor's opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The workers, in those days of a

decade past, declined to give heed to our warning words. The siren song of the Labor Party hirelings of your class and the stupid clamor of economic ignorance prevailed. Your Honor's class won through.

Then came the Arbitration Court, with its penal clauses making possible the jailing of men whose manhood could not be smothered, and who would not quietly submit to slavery. And, later, came the Industrial Disputes Act—logical extension of the Arbitration Act—so bitterly denounced by the Labor Party, the present ruling party.

But these things belong to the dead and the dying past. It is with the living present this letter to your Honor has to do—with Carcoar and Lithgow and Hoskins and strikes and the Labor Party, and your Honor's rocky economics, and ever so many other ununderstandable things.

We Socialists do not join in any curse of anger against the judge on the Bench when the jail gates are swung open by him for the imprisoning of honest men of the working-class. We curse the system and the law that buttresses the system.

If the system is right, and if the law is right, it may be conceded that your Honor is right. But, of course, the system and the law are not right. No system can be right that makes for injustice. And because the system and the law is wrong, it follows that your Honor is wrong.

For two days and more, I listened patiently to the mass of evidence in the Lithgow cases; heard the story as told to you from the masters' side—the side of the economic bushrangers; heard also the story as presented from the workers' side—the side of those who give their lives in the winning of wealth; and, also, listened with deep interest to your Honor's judgments in the several cases.

What a lot your Honor has yet to learn!

Did you hear Mr. Hoskins tell you he had 1500 or 1600 "hands" in his employ—just as he might have talked of "heads" when speaking of cattle or sheep?

Did you note the poor, pitiable fraction the increase demanded by the Carcoar men amounted to? They had been getting 7s 2d and 8s a day and they wanted 8s and 8s 6d and 9s a day. In no case did their demand exceed one shilling a day. And because their owner declined to discuss the matter with them in any way they ceased work.

Will you permit me to digress here just to say that when we reach that stage under wage-slavery where men or women will calmly continue to work under degrading and poverty-environment conditions, there will be little hope for humanity.

The Carcoar men having ceased work in an effort to enforce their demand for that sorry little fraction of the wealth created by their labor, and other men having in the first instance loyally taken sides with their comrades, the whole circumstance was held by the Labor Government to be a crime. Prosecutions were instituted. The police were called upon. Detectives were set to work. A charge was formulated, with the network of details arranged with spider-like precision. Your Honor was sent along to say whether those good useful workers should be punished—and to what extent they should be punished.

Did the shrieking comedy (or the glaring tragedy) of it never appeal to your Honor? You, with your £40 a week, and your seven guineas a day travelling expenses—you, of the lawyer faction, with your wages (beg pardon, salary) working out at about £2 an hour, sent there to punish honest workers who, paid 10d an hour, wanted less than another 3d an hour, and took a way of getting it that your class and your Government and their law disapproved of!

Did you hear Mr. Hoskins de-

clare: "He liked supple young fellows to work for him, so long as they were willing, and there was profit in it."

Profit is surplus value. Surplus value is what is economically stolen from the worker by your Honor's class. It is because surplus value is stolen from our class by yours that the class struggle exists, class antagonisms are engendered, and strikes and lockouts occur. You see

The world is rolling Freedom's way,
And ripening with her sorrow.

Did you hear Mr. Hoskins also say: "When Hobbs sent in his report, if the cost of getting ore had gone up, he let him (Hobbs) know about it; if the cost had gone down, he complimented him?" Did that tell you nothing at all?

You were not wrong, on the evidence, when you declared the whole thing to be a strike and an interference with the legal rights of the employer. I was glad when you said "legal rights," but I couldn't help wondering what people would have thought 30 years ago if some all-wise judge had sagely talked from under his horse-hair wig of the legal rights of the proprietors of Ned Kelly's blast furnaces and gold mines. And yet, from a moral point of view, one expression would have been just as understandable as the other. The robber of to-day has legal rights because his class constructs the written law in accordance with his economic interests. Your Honor should study the unwritten law of Economic Determinism. There are books in the Socialist Library which are at your Honor's service.

Your Honor proceeded to declare that "the moment men refused to do work they were ordered to do, they committed a strike, and could then be dismissed," and you further told us that "a man was no good to his employers unless he worked"—a fact most of us have known all along, although you may not credit it. You see, it is only when men work that they create wealth sufficient to supply their own wants and the huge surplus that is stolen from them by your Honor's class.

Has it never occurred to your Honor that your £40 a week and more is a portion of the surplus that is economically stolen from the very workers whom you occasionally fine and jail when they cease work; and has it never further occurred to you that if all these wealth-producers ceased work, your Honor's £40 a week would vanish, because, like all the other lawyers—your Honor produces—NOTHING.

But there was one portion of your Honor's judgment that betrayed how hopelessly morality is hobbled-skirted by the legal abominations and parchment stupidities and other strange frills and devices of the making of your Honor's class. You complimented the blast furnace strikers on the loftiness of their principle; you declared their motives to be honest; you eulogised the manliness of their conduct in determining to stand in with their mates at Carcoar; you said, in unmistakable language, that the man who didn't stand with his mates at a time like that would be "A MEAN CUR"—the words are yours, not mine; and then you proceeded to show how the law must penalise them for their lofty principle, their honest motives, and their manly conduct.

It was at this stage that part of your task was to make the rottenness and the immorality of the class law fit in with an impossible position. You seemed to infer that what is morally wrong can be made legally right, Burke notwithstanding. You recognised that the Carcoar and Lithgow men had to choose between sacrificing their manhood and breaking the law. In every strike this position is reached. The Carcoar and Lithgow men took the only course honest men could choose. Dishonest men would have sacrificed their manhood to save

their skins from the vengeance of the law of your Honor's class.

You pleaded that "working men can't say now that they have no one to stand by them." The politician in your Honor seemed to be speaking there. You declared that the "law won't allow the workers to be oppressed—it compels the employer to pay certain wages, and punishes him if he doesn't."

It is almost inconceivable that your Honor should not know that the law exists to-day not to prevent the oppression of the working men (oppression is a comparative term, anyhow), but to ensure that working men shall not revolt against economic robbery.

Why did your Honor use the term "working men?" Wasn't it because you recognised that the men of your class are the men who don't work?

And, really, doesn't your Honor know that this precious Arbitration law has never yet PUNISHED an employer found guilty of breaking its provisions. The men proved to have swindled the women and girl workers of the Sydney clothing trade out of the paltry wages fixed for them under various awards were fined up to £5 and down to one shilling. Hoskins himself was fined £50 or SEVEN DAYS by your Honor; Hoskins' employees are now fined over £700, with alternative imprisonments aggregating 125 MONTHS, or OVER TWO YEARS. Fifty pounds to Hoskins is the same as five shillings to one of Hoskins' employees! Seven days' imprisonment if Hoskins had not paid; ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE MONTHS' HARD LABOR in all if Hoskins' employees don't pay. This is all in the same industry. And a portion of Hoskins' fine was remitted—but perhaps your Honor doesn't know that! Then there is never an instance of an employer having been jailed under the Arbitration law. What a different tale the employees can tell!

For the Kings of Babylon are strong,
And their dungeons dark and deep;
And the rich rejoice in the rule of wrong,
And the Priesthood joins in the robber's song,
While the toilers work and weep.

You have told us we must give up the strike; you say it is injurious to us. So it is! But so is it injurious to be exploited of more than two-thirds of what we produce. You say that if the unions would only form among themselves a resolution that there should be no strikes, you are sure they would be able to restrain and keep in order their dissatisfied, restless, and troublesome members. Your Honor, there are times when thunder and lightning are reckoned up as bad things. The thunder turns the milk sour, and kills the chickens in the eggs, and the lightning strikes church steeples and kills judges and splits trees. But, if the owners of the milk, or the chickens themselves, or even the judges, were to carry resolutions in favor of no more thunder and lightning, I fear very much the thunder would still crash, the lightning still leap through the heavens. Even if your Honor's class should make a law declaring a clap of thunder an illegal act and a flash of lightning a deed to be perished, your law would go unregarded. Why? Because thunder and lightning are inevitable products of certain physical conditions. So long as the conditions remain, you'll have the thunder and lightning. Just in the same way, the strike is the inevitable product of certain economic conditions. So long as the conditions remain, you'll have the strike.

Surely your Honor must have some conception of those conditions. Our class—85 per cent. at least—works and creates all the wealth, and is only permitted to retain less than one-third of it; your class—not more than 15 per cent.—does not work; because it owns the economic factors of wealth production it has been able to set up a legal ownership of the collective product, and in the end appropriates more than 66 per cent. of it. This appropriation is quite legal, you see; but it is also quite immoral, isn't it? Strikes occur because of the immorality of it. The workers struggle to get more of what belongs to them; your class struggles to prevent them getting it—to force them to be "content" with less.

The workers will only cease to strike, your Honor, when your Honor's class has ceased to exploit them. Your Honor's class will only cease its robbery of the workers when the workers compel a cessation of the robbery. The workers will do this as soon as they understand their own economic position.

It is not necessary to tell your Honor that when the workers, industrially and politically organised on revolutionary lines, have altered economic conditions, your Honor's class will have to go, with all other classes. But until the conditions are altered, and revolutionarily altered, it is "positively childish," as your Honor said of the evidence for the defence, to talk about pre-

venting strikes, especially by force. It can't be done, your Honor. Walt Whitman has said:

Liberty is to be subverted, whatever occurs.
There is nothing that is quelled by one or two.
Failures, or any number of failures—
Or by the show of the tushes of power—
Soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

Your Honor wished the workers to recognise that "this wasn't a party law. It was passed by the whole community." "If a small coterie had made it, it might be different," you said. Is your Honor so totally uninformed concerning that shameful class-made measure? Don't you know that the law under which the Carcoar and Lithgow men were tried was denounced first by the Socialists, then by many unions, and last of all by the Labor Party—the party that is now the Government? It was made by a small coterie—that criminal combination called the Wade Government, and the present Government climbed into power largely on the strength of its denunciation of this very law, and with the echoes still ringing of many promises to repeal it and the infamous Coercion Act. In its essence and in its purpose and in the possibilities of its application the Industrial Disputes Act is a wicked class-made law, which would not have been allowed to remain on the Statute Book—and which also would never have been administered—by an honest working-class Government.

Your Honor spoke of the great benefits conferred on the workers by the Industrial Disputes Act. Those alleged benefits can't be verified, your Honor. It is true that, in many cases, the money expression of the wages paid to the working men has been increased; but your Honor is not so credulous as to declare that that means that the workers are given a larger proportion of the wealth their labor creates. It has been amply demonstrated that every rise in wages is followed by a rise in the price of the necessities of life. The cost of living goes up—and the "benefits" alleged by your Honor vanish into the thinnest of thin air. You say the price for these benefits is abstention from strikes. Your Honor, THE PRICE WILL NEVER BE PAID—for two reasons. First: The payment of it is an economic impossibility; second: it is a price that only slaves would be willing to pay.

Your Honor has also told us to "look at the appeal Mr. Beeby made" when he decried the strike. That showed what the views of the best men were. You must know that practically all Mr. Beeby's money was made in the Arbitration Court. Therefore, Mr. Beeby is not an unbiased authority. You must know Mr. Beeby's incriminating record as a strike-breaker whose efforts have quite recently called forth the plaudits of the Australian Gaslight Company as well as of Mr. Hoskins and other exploiters of the working-class and grinders of the faces of the poor.

In conclusion, your Honor will not object (and you will believe me when I assure you that it's quite immaterial to me—as it should be to any honest publicist—whether you do object or not) if I remind you of how your Honor fined the men whose conduct you described as honest and manly £5 15s 6d and £4 14s 6d each, while your Honor inflicted lower fines on those whom you had inferentially stamped as "mean curs." Of course, your Honor was only acting in accordance with the written law of Capitalism; and now, it seems to me, in regard to this particular law, since the workers have either got to obey it or break it, and since the present Government is so essentially the tool and the agent of the capitalist class, and since the observance of a law that is morally outrageous can only be demoralising to those who under given circumstances observe it, there is only one course open to the working class—that is, to unhesitatingly break this law whenever the breaking of it can be made to subserve working-class interests; and in the meantime those of the workers who are conscious of the class struggle must redouble their propaganda in order that by the education of the working class, the overthrow of your Honor's class may be hastened, and the Socialist Republic the quicker ushered in—

And Justice, newly risen,
Shall break, with warrior might,
Each tyrant-bulldog prison,
Each slave-enumbered sight.

On Wednesday night at Lithgow, Crawford and Holland spoke from the Grand Central balcony, the latter reviewing the Labor Party's history in connection with Arbitration and Wages Boards. The meeting was a splendid success. On Thursday night, as soon as the Court closed (about 9.30), they held a meeting in front of the Courthouse, and advised the unionists not to pay the fines.

We regret having to hold over notes from Renmark, Adelaide, and Broken Hill; also "Impressions of the Melbourne Movement," by Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore; Blumenthal's "Truth about the Labor Party"; Mary E. Marcy's "Economics of Karl Marx"; reports of Holland's and Crawford's meetings at Lithgow, etc. These will appear next week.

A detective took notes of Holland's speech in the Domain on Sunday re Lithgow. What's the Government going to do about it?

The Law at Lithgow.

The Labor Party endeavors to jail Unionists because they refuse to Scab.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

It was just ten minutes to three on the morning of Wednesday, March 22, when Crawford and the writer fell into the paper train for Lithgow—where we arrived nearly seven hours later.

At Lithgow we found some 130 unionists and about three scabs being tried—the unionists because they were unionists; the scabs apparently because they were suspected of not having scabbed soon enough. A couple of the latter element, the evidence showed, had not been prosecuted at all. The Labor Government had given them immunity from prosecution because there were special features in their cases. They had scabbed more quickly than the others.

In 1908, Sydney Labor Councillors will remember that Mr. McGowen and Mr. Holman promised the Union Congress that, if given time, they would get the Industrial Disputes Act amended. Well, three years later, in Lithgow, they themselves are found prosecuting unionists under the Act as it was then.

As soon as the Court was opened, a lawyer asked that Hoskins' firm should be allowed to be represented by counsel in the case. Mr. Mant assured the Court and Mr. Hoskins that the case was perfectly safe in his hands. It was. But did Mr. Mant mean from an employers' point of view?

At this stage it will be as well to reproduce one of the summonses. A perusal of its contents will show that the gravamen of the charge against the unionists was that THEY REFUSED TO HANDLE OREGON BY NON-UNION LABOR. Just think—the Labor Party pressed this charge against the unionists:

SUMMONS.

Divisions 1 and 2, "Justices Act, 1902"; "Industrial Disputes Act, 1908."
To ROBERT DONALDSON, of Lithgow, in the State of New South Wales.

WHEREAS in pursuance of leave granted by the Industrial Court on the ninth day of March, one thousand nine hundred and eleven, information hath this day been laid before the undersigned, one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace in and for the State of New South Wales, for that you on the fourteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven, at Lithgow, in the said State, did unlawfully take part in a strike, that is to say, a cessation of work by a number of employees, to wit the blast-furnace workers in the employ of G. and C. Hoskins, Limited, such cessation of work being in a certain industry, to wit, the employees of the said G. and C. Hoskins, Limited, engaged in the iron trade, ACTING IN COMBINATION WITH A VIEW TO ENFORCE COMPLIANCE WITH A CERTAIN DEMAND, to wit the demand:—That the said employees should not be required by their said employer to handle iron ore obtained by non-union labor made by them on their employer, the said G. and C. Hoskins, Limited, such cessation of work not being for any cause not constituting a strike, contrary to the Act in such case made and provided:

These are, therefore, to command you in His Majesty's name, to be and appear, on Wednesday, the twenty-second day of March, one thousand nine hundred and eleven, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, Lithgow, in the said State, before the Industrial Court, to answer to the said information, and to be further dealt with according to law.

Given under my hand and seal, this fourteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven, at Sydney, in the said State.

WM. J. CAMPBELL,
Justice of the Peace.

Labor-member Stuart-Robertson appeared for the Carcoar men. The Labor Party was trying to jail them. A Labor member was trying to save them from being jailed. In the end the Labor Party won.

A plea of guilty was entered, and mitigating circumstances were pleaded.

When the first witness for Mr. Holman's side—the prosecution—entered the box, Mr. Mant made the extraordinary request that the witness should not be placed on oath.

The manager of the iron ore mine at Carcoar (Mr. Hobbs) told the Court how, on Feb. 7, he found the men sitting around the mine; how four of their number told him they weren't doing any more work unless they got union rates of pay, viz., 8s for shovel men, 8s 6d for pick and spall men, and 9s for hammer and drill men.

Let us digress to remark that the Labor Party holds it a crime to ask for union wages, so it sends Judge Heydon at £40 a week and Mr. Mant at about £10 a week (with travelling expenses added) to see if the unionists shouldn't be sent to jail for their tenacity.

Mr. Hobbs proceeded to say that Mr. Hoskins came along and offered the men a whole sixpence a day rise; and next morning the men declined his munificence. A day or two later Mr. Hoskins again saw them, repeated his offer, and gave them three-quarters of an hour in which to accept the sixpence. They didn't accept it. Mr. Hoskins even supplied them with pen and ink and paper to take a ballot—and they wouldn't take a ballot. When Mr. Hoskins finally found that his terms wouldn't be accepted he told the men he was finished with the matter.

But he wasn't. He had the Labor Party to fall back upon. He saw his friend Mr. Beeby; and that's how it came that later an "arrangement" was made with Mr. Carmichael and others,

That's how the scab trick was worked, and, as Hobbs said, "the men came back in dribbles."

Mr. Hobbs admitted having asked Mr. Johnson, the secretary of the union, to do what amounted to two men's work. He admitted that McMillan and Ramwell (the two former union secretaries) had been sacked; also admitted that Johnson (present secretary) had been refused employment after the strike. His place had been filled by Hobbs's brother-in-law, who was one of those who gone out on strike, but had scabbed while the others were out, and had not been prosecuted.

Then a gentleman with lowering eyebrows and aggressive jaw entered the box. His name was Hoskins. Quite a tone of respectfulness seemed to pervade the legal atmosphere.

Mr. Hoskins said he had over 1000 "hands" working at Lithgow, and between 500 and 600 "hands" working in Sydney. Then he described the "arrangements" come to between Messrs. Carmichael, Cann, and Dooley and himself. A main feature of this arrangement was that all the scabs were to be retained ("and they will be retained," he said aggressively), and, apparently, given preference over the unionists. If the Carcoar men had got the increases they wanted, and if the Lithgow and Sydney men had insisted on similar increases, it would have cost him £40,000 a year.

Another digression—to point out that if Hoskins had conceded the Carcoar demand, the matter would have rested there for the time being. Carcoar demand worked out at less than 1s per man. But if every man in Hoskins's employ had demanded and secured an increase equivalent to that demanded at Carcoar, it couldn't have amounted to more than £20,000. And Hoskins gets a bonus the limit of which is £30,000—12s per ton for pig iron, 12s for steel, 12s for puddle bars made from pig iron.

Mr. Hoskins has a "tip-top" motor; says he can go to Carcoar in it in three hours. The trip does him good. (His employees paid for that motor, but they never ride in it—that is, except on special occasions when they are being brought from the works to the court to be dealt with). He held the Carcoar men came under the Lithgow award; (but even then the evidence of his own side showed that he had paid 7s a day long after 7s 2d had been fixed at Lithgow.) He admitted that he had consistently refused to see the general secretary of the union, Mr. O'Sullivan; and complained that O'Sullivan had endeavored to have his bonus cancelled.

Cross-examined, he said he "liked" supplying fellows to work for him, provided they were willing, and there was profit in it. Also, "when Hobbs sent in his reports, if the cost of getting ore had gone up, he let Hobbs know about it; if the cost had gone down, he complimented him."

Two frank statements! Of course, he said, the secretary, Johnson, had forfeited his position and was not taken back. It was quite understood by the three gentlemen (Carmichael, Cann, and Dooley) and himself that the non-unionists were not to be displaced.

Then came an extraordinary revelation. A demand had gone to the Federal Government for the withholding of the bonus because Hoskins was not paying union wages as set forth in the conditions; and Mr. Hughes decided that the bonus could not be interfered with because the law only said that union wages must be paid to men engaged in the manufacture of iron and steel, and did not mention the men engaged in mining the ore!

What a quibble was there, my countrymen!

Mr. Hoskins further said he had never had any trouble with his employees until he came to Lithgow.

This writer has a clear recollection of Hoskins' Sydney firm being on a black list 17 years ago—a list that debarred an alvt. from his firm going on the Eight-hours' Committee program.

Hoskins seemed to be out to run the show. At one stage, he quite supplanted Mant, and argued things with the judge.

Hobbs, recalled, said he supplied the names of strikers to be prosecuted to Hoskins; Hoskins, apparently, supplied them to Holman, through Donald Macdonell's detectives.

Secretary Johnson detailed Hoskins's refusals to see the union representatives; and the judge remarked (it seemed to the writer in quite a different tone to that in which he addressed the heavy-jowled iron-master): "If an employer refuses to see his employees, that's no excuse for striking; they can apply for a wages board."

Then Mant got on Johnson's track. Mant represented Holman (for the Labor Government) you will remember. And Mant twitted the union secretary about the "dreadful request to do a little extra work"; "dreadful work with a shovel"; and "that wonderful association" (the union). He also taunted him with getting 5s a week for doing the secretarial work of the union.

Hoskins's lawyer, not in the case at all, sat by Mant, and along with Hoskins himself prompted Mant all the way through the case.

Johnson mentioned that Hoskins had only

given the men three quarters of an hour to decide re-accepting his offer; and the Judge said: "Why should you complain about that? Why, he needn't have given them a moment in which to decide!"

When the evidence had closed, Stuart-Robertson endeavored to show that the men were driven to striking by Hoskins himself. He mentioned that their union had wired asking them to return to work; and the Judge was quick to say that if they had refused to return when their union asked them, that was something against them! He further told them that certain things only proved that there was dissatisfaction; it didn't prove they had a grievance; their dissatisfaction might be unfounded.

Every legal technicality the Carcoar men were floored with was a brick made by the Labor Party with Stuart-Robertson's assistance. It sometimes makes a man think when he gets hit with a brick he baked himself.

Stuart-Robertson pleaded for light penalties as a method of stopping strikes!

The real answer to the indictment should have been: "Yes; we broke the law because it's a rotten class law, and we'll break it every time our interests will be served by breaking it."

Mant said he was instructed by the Government to say that it desired only light penalties, but of course left the matter in his Honor's hands. His Honor snorted—evidently resenting the interference of the politician element, who, having played Hoskins's game by prosecuting, now endeavored to play to the working-class gallery. At last, Mant said that he didn't press for a heavy penalty.

The case against one man, who gave evidence that he had been quite willing to blackleg if he had had the opportunity, was withdrawn.

The engine-drivers, with one exception (the late president), pleaded guilty and said nothing.

The president, Kelly, pleaded he had worked next day, and would have gone on working if he had been permitted. It was the pitiable plea of a craft union official that he would have been a scab only the boss wouldn't let him!

Mant, having asked for light penalties, now asked that sentences should be deferred until all the cases had been heard, as the latter cases would have a bearing on the penalties. (He was evidently afraid the penalties would be too low.)

Detective Jordan stated that he had put in two or three days in Lithgow "making inquiries" re the strike and the strikers.

The manager of the blast furnace gave evidence re the refusal of the men to handle scab ore. They had given four days' notice that they wouldn't do it. He also made a long statement as to the damage that might have accrued to the furnace if the strike had lasted. He further said that the police had been instructed to come to the works in the night time. Mr. Hoskins had told them that he (Hoskins) was going to give instructions for the police to come up and remain on the works as long as the strike lasted.

Mr. Hoskins at this stage made an offer to drive the Judge to Sydney in his motor next day, the Judge having expressed a desire to adjourn the cases in order to reach Sydney on Friday. The offer was declined.

Hoskins then stated, re the fourth union secretary (Mr. Dixon) victimised by his firm, that part of the arrangement made with Carmichael, Cann, and Dooley was that Dixon was not to be re-employed when the other men went back. (Carmichael and the others told the blast furnace men that part of their arrangement was that Dixon was to be taken on again if he succeeded in the ballot. Dixon did succeed in the ballot, and was ordered off the premises when he went to start work. If Hoskins spoke the truth in the witness box, Carmichael, Cann, and Dooley lied to the furnace men. If Carmichael, Cann, and Dooley told the truth, Hoskins committed perjury in the box. It's up to the Government to clear things up in this connection.) Hoskins corroborated the blast furnace manager's statement re probable loss if the strike had succeeded. He estimated the likely loss at £25,000; and said he had given the men no cause whatever to leave work.

He didn't seem to regard the handling of scab ore as a cause.

The blast furnace manager was subsequently put back into the box, and it was drawn from him that by damping down they could have rendered the furnace safe for six months.

The Judge remarked, re the engine-drivers, that he didn't think their general body would have called them out. His Honor seemed to think the general body of the engine-drivers would have preferred that their members should have scabbed on the furnace men.

Mant didn't want the Carcoar cases delayed any longer; he was afraid some of them might leave the district—and then the Labor Party wouldn't know where to find them if it wanted to put them in jail.

The judge delivered a lengthy speech (with a good deal of politics in it) concerning the Carcoar men's action, in which he

condemned strikes, eulogised the Industrial Disputes Act, said strikes must be made a serious offence, men must learn that they can get Wages Boards, lauded Mr. Beeby, and fined the strikers five guineas each, with half-a-guinea added for costs.

Labor-member Stuart-Robertson was staggered. He had promised the Carcoar men that he would pay the fines, which he anticipated would be about 5s each. Asking for "time to pay," he told the court he would at once wire and advise the men to surrender themselves.

Blast furnace men were put into the witness box to support a plea of "not guilty." Some splendid evidence was given. "They had refused to handle the ore because it was scab ore," said one. "I wouldn't touch it as a matter of principle," said another. "Principle!" sneered the Labor Party's lawyer, "whose principle?" "My principle!" came the reply—"Bob Donaldson's principle."

In every case, the Labor Party's lawyer asked the witness: "Are you not a member of the union?" "Didn't you refuse to work because you wouldn't handle non-union ore?" And the questions were asked in a way that implied that it was wrong to belong to the union or to refuse to handle scab material.

When the union secretary, Mr. Dixon, was in the box, he was asked: "Are you an agitator?" "How much are you paid?" "Is that what you live on?" "What do you mean by going on to Mr. Hoskins' works?" "Did you not go to Sydney and attempt to get work under an assumed name?" "Didn't you try to stir up discontent at Mr. Hoskins' Sydney works?" "Didn't you know you were putting Mr. Hoskins to great expense?" and other similar questions.

Remember, it was the Labor Party that sent Mr. Mant along to ask the union men those questions.

Then, in addressing the court, Mr. Mant said Mr. Thomson (lawyer for the furnace men) had assumed Mr. Hoskins was prosecuting in this case. That was not so. The Government (in other words, the Labor Party) was prosecuting in the interests of the public. "If unionists were going to be allowed to dictate to employers, and under pressure compel them to accede to their demands, no employer would be safe. This was a premeditated attempt to dictate to a large employer. The men never gave the employer a moment's notice. His Honor would see that to concede the Carcoar men's demands would have involved Mr. Hoskins in a loss of £40,000 a year. Mr. Thomson had pleaded for the wives and families of these men. This was always the way. These unionists struck, and then they came whining about their wives and families to save themselves. They really didn't care what became of their wives and families. It was surely a nice demand they had made on the employer," and so on. Mr. Mant concluded by assuring the Court that he had no desire to imprison Kelly.

The Judge said the trouble in this case arose out of a demand re non-union labor. It was a strike interfering with the legal rights of the employer. He was surprised at the childish nature of the defence. The moment the men declined to do what they were ordered to do, they committed a strike, and could then be dismissed. A man was no good to the employers unless he would work. It was a loyal and manly motive that made the blast furnace men do what they did. They had to choose between obeying the law and standing by their mates. The man who would not stand by his mates would be a mean cur. But that was not the legal aspect of it. He explained the legal aspect, and enlarged upon how the working men now had some one to stand by them; the law wouldn't allow them to be oppressed, and punished the employer if he didn't pay a certain stipulated wage. Ruinous competition had been done away with. The unions must give up the strike. Strikes were injurious. The unions must say to those who strike: "You have done wrong; go back and get a wages board. If you are hard up, we'll subscribe and help you." That would be the way of the future. He wished the workers to recognise that this wasn't a party law. It was passed by the whole community. Look at the appeal Mr. Beeby had made. Mr. Beeby had said the strike was an obsolete weapon. That showed what the views of the best men were. Those views would gradually percolate downwards. Mr. Beeby had said that if he knew beforehand of these strikes, he could avert a good many of them.

Then the Judge declared the law was just as efficacious and prompt to punish the employer as the worker, and, stigmatising the Lithgow incident as a deliberate breach of the law, he finished up by fining the engine-drivers three guineas each and the furnace men four guineas each, with half-a-guinea costs in each individual case. He dismissed the information against Burke, who stated an oath that he would have blacklegged if he had had the opportunity, and fined Kelly one guinea, and an aged man who went back in the early stages of the trouble was also fined a guinea. Alternatives were 21 days and 28 days hard labor respectively.

The Carcoar men's alternative was one month's hard labor each.

Thus ended the court-house stage of the Labor Party's first big effort to jail unionists for refusing to scab.

After Crawford's meeting on Friday night at Lithgow a branch of the S.F.A. was formed, with 14 members. Brian Scully was appointed chairman, and A. Shawcross secretary.

The authorities have insisted on re-opening the hotel at Renmark in spite of the determined protests of the strikers. Looks like an effort to win a strike for Fat through the agency of Bung. And under the Verran wowsy Government, too!

The Goulburn-street, Sydney, meeting was closed down by a bumptious policeman on Sunday night, just when Wilson was commencing an address to a rapidly-growing crowd. More will be heard of this.

Crawford addressed a great meeting at Lithgow on Friday night. Brian Scully presided.

Six persons can form a branch of the S.F.A. What about making a start in your district.

A telegram to this paper from Yerranderie on Friday of last week read: "Eighty miners locked out here. Advertise accordingly. —MAMGAS, acting-secretary."

One of the first things done by the new Lithgow Branch of the S.F.A. was to challenge Mr. Dooley, M.L.A., to meet H. E. Holland in debate in a Lithgow Hall within 14 days. Mr. Dooley to (1) justify the Labor Party's general attitude on Arbitration and its opposition to revolutionary unionism as advocated by the International Socialists; (2) justify his own conduct in the Lithgow trouble; (3) justify the Labor Party's failure to repeal the Industrial Disputes Act; (4) justify the Labor Party's failure to repeal the Coercion Act. Socialists and Labor Party supporters alike await with interest Mr. Dooley's reply to the challenge.

Isn't it peculiar that when the Labor Party takes action against wealthy customs swindlers and coal trust magnates, it only asks for fines; but when union men are dragged before the courts for striking against the employers, then the Labor Party asks for jail for the "offenders."

Kurri wheelers, who were fined because they refused to go down the Pelaw Main death-trap after a miner had been killed, resolved to go to jail rather than pay the fines. When they came along to surrender themselves, the police wouldn't take them; said no warrants had been issued. Later it was announced that "a request had been received by Mr. Holman for a remission of the fines, and the warrants would be delayed accordingly." Mr. Holman's feet went cold when he found the wheelers were determined; and if Lithgow and Carcoar men stand firm Mr. Holman's feet will go cold again.

Monday's mail brought a welcome letter from comrade A. L. Roberts, Forster, with £1 for the Party Premises Fund.

Carl Hanson, wharf-laborer, working on the steamer Tomona at Darling Island, fell down the hold, and had both legs fractured. He also sustained a lacerated wound over the right eye, and abrasions.

The Press Fund.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	74	3	5
Domain collection	7	6	2
Sinclair	0	1	0
Ehrenberg	0	1	0
O. Sundon	0	1	0
Per Mrs. E. Anderson (Book 16)			
—R. Wenzel 1s, A.S. 1s, M. Seivers 1s, O. Martin 1s, H. D.	0	5	0
Total	75	17	7
Advanced as Loans			
Already acknowledged	5	0	0
Balance	80	17	7

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Sunday.

DOVERS, 3.—Rutherford (chair), Wilson, Crawford, Holland.
MARTIN PLACE, 7.30.—Fulham (chair), Wilson, Gamm. Literature: T. Barrie.
GOULBURN-STREET, 7.30.—Ritchie (chair), Shole, Rutherford. Literature: Black.

Saturday.

NEWTOWN BRIDGE, 7.30.—Rutherford (chair), Walsh, Crawford. Literature: Ritchie and Norton.

Party Premises Fund.

	£	s	d
Previously acknowledged	1	2	0
D. Young 1s, R.B. 2s, J. W. Kerr 2s 6d, Tracey 1s, Ritchie 2s, Patre 2s, Dunker 1s, A. L. Roberts 2s	1	11	6
	2	3	6

International Socialist Party.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the above Party will be held at the rooms, 274 Pitt-street, on Tuesday, April 4, to deal with Conference Proposals. J. R. WILSON, Sec.

WANDERERS.

Dedicated to the Socialist Propagandists of the World.

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Far in the East we wander,
And in the west we roam,
Sailing o'er sleepy southern seas,
Or fighting northern foam.
Watching the workers' heartbeats,
Ground in industrial mill,
Urging revol. and freedom,
Strengthening the People's Will.

Where'er the Red Flag flutters
There is our fatherland;
Where'er rebellion mutters
We clasp a comrade's hand.
Our message, world-enriching,
Of wood and web we spin;
"Workers, unite! strike off your chain!"
The world is yours to win!

Behind the winding roadway
By which the race has come;
Before us lie the mountain peaks,
Beyond the fair new home,
Where none shall own his fellow man
In wage-slave's galling chain;
Where all shall work and all enjoy
What makes for all men's gain.

And yonder peaks of warlike
They call our heart and brain
To point the way, and cheer the team
And keep the struggle sane.
Our message works with magic
For the toilers' day draws nigh,
And the portents of the coming dawn
Are writ on sea and sky.

We have our sailing orders,
"North the red flag unfurled;
And we wanderers, with our messages,
Encircle all the world,
So if you ask us, comrades,
To stop and rest awhile,
Where home and fireside beckon
And well-loved faces smile—
We'll never turn our backs on you."

While the cry comes from the mainland,
And the urge comes on the breeze,
And the stir of conscious wage-slaves
Swells o'er the heaving seas,
You must speed our parting foot-steps,
Ah!—blessen whatever thrills
Industrial tree- and beacons-its,
And human justice calls.

International Notes.

The Modern Slave Trade.

The people of this country have heard a good deal within recent years of indentured labor—which is the imposing title given to one of the most cruel and monstrous forms of slavery.

In South Africa, with at one time the Chinese and now the Kafirs, in the Congo, in the new Hebrides, in St. Thome and Principe, the oppression of the "subject races" has evoked considerable comment and discussion. Protests—more or less effective—have been made, and in some cases slight ameliorative measures have been put into operation.

But, in spite of all the agitation, there can be no doubt that the master class of the various capitalist countries, wherever their interests demand it, take advantage of the ignorance, simplicity, and general backwardness of the colored races in such a way as to make their life a veritable hell on earth.

The Indians in Mauritius provide a case in point. About the year 1834 Indian men first began to be deported to the islands as indentured laborers to work on the sugar plantations. This has continued right up to the present time. They were shipped there to work, no liberty of any sort being permitted. At first women were scarce—males only were sent. Things came to such a pass that the Government of Mauritius insisted upon thirty-three women being sent to every 100 men.

Emigration touts were set to work. In some cases, says a writer in the *Mahatma*, daughters have been torn from their mothers, sisters from their brothers, and even wives from their husbands, and told to proceed to Mauritius "with a cargo of men three times their number under conditions that would not do credit even to cattle-breeder."

In the colony itself their condition is frightful. In the majority of the cases the French planters do not understand their language; they are kennelled like dogs; they are badly fed; their religious customs are neglected and over-ridden, which, to a deeply religious people like the Hindus, is a very serious matter; the men are treated worst than beasts, while the women are "contaminated."

Above it all proudly waves the good old Union Jack.—*TOM QUELCH*, in *Justice*.

China.

The newly founded Socialist Party of China has just issued its first manifesto to the people, urging them to fight for the ideas of Socialism and formulating the following demands: Abolition of the Monarchy and substitution of a Republic founded on general, equal, direct and secret suffrage for both sexes, popular election of all the officials of the provincial and central Government, including the President of the State. The manifesto is signed by the leader of the Chinese Social-Democratic Party—Sun-Wen.

Owing to the famine in China the people in places are eating weeds, bark, dogs and other animals.

Great Britain.

The Twentieth Century Press is taking steps to get a Socialist daily paper going. It is hoped the venture will succeed.

Justice appears with a new (and improved) heading.

At a mass meeting of the workers who are on strike at Cambrian colliery, Clydachvale, South Wales, the men condemned the executive for arranging a ballot upon the masters' terms, because the British Miners' Federation threatened to stop the strike pay. The strikers, including women, then marched to the mine, and took up a position on the hill, whence they rolled boulders into the colliery, and tried to fire some ricks. The police made several charges with drawn batons, but were repulsed by volleys of stones.

Ten thousand employees at Singer's sewing machine works at Glasgow have struck, owing to a grievance regarding the wages paid to girls.

France.

Jules Guesde, who has recovered from the ill-health which for four years has prevented his taking any very active part in the movement, is again working for Socialism with his old fiery activity.

"Differences of opinion on details exist between Jaures and myself," says Guesde, "but we are candid friends, and there is nothing to object to in the nature of his Socialism. He and I are trying, starting with the present, to construct a future in which the social darkness of to-day shall be swept away."

Guesde expects that the next Annual Conference will give the party in the Chamber a line of action for the election of the Parliamentary Bureau, and for that of the President of the Republic. He himself is of opinion that in all cases a Socialist candidate should be put up against those of the bourgeoisie.

At the municipal election at Concarneau (Finistère) the whole Socialist list, consisting of twenty-three persons has been elected.

Germany.

Comrade Molkenbuhr has been elected to take Singer's place as chairman of the Social-Democratic group in the Reichstag; he and Bebel are thus chairmen with equal rights.

A crowd of 25,000, mostly women, participated in the Social-Democrats' demonstration in favor of female suffrage.

An almost incredible instance of pettiness on the part of the military authorities is reported from Halle (says a Berlin telegram of Feb. 16). In the cinematograph theatres of that city one of the most popular pictures on the screen was the burial of Paul Singer, the Socialist leader. So long as this attraction remains on the programmes of these places of entertainment soldiers garrisoned in Halle are forbidden to enter their doors. Lately the authorities have shown increasing nervousness in their care lest young soldiers should become tainted with Socialism. Beerhouses which are regarded as resorts of Socialists or which take in the Socialist paper, *Vorwarts*, are on the forbidden list, and commanders of companies are exercising rigorous supervision over the newspapers and books read by their men.

United States.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party is now voting upon a motion authorising comrade Hillquit to prepare a statement concerning the Keir Hardie-Valliant resolution, upon which an expression has been requested by the International Socialist Bureau.

At a special election, held January 11, in Oil City, Pa., the following comrades were elected over the combined opposition of the old parties: C. E. Martin, select council; A. C. Feick, common council; N. G. English and W. B. Wilson, school controllers.

Fred. Warren's conviction has been quashed by President Taft.

Uruguay.

Our comrades in Uruguay have achieved a splendid success at the recent elections in the return of Dr. Emilio Frugoni, a writer of great talent and professor at the University of Monte Video. Dr. Frugoni is the first Socialist to enter the Uruguayan Parliament, but he is the second who has been elected in Latin America. Dr. Alfredo Palacios having been returned in 1904 for Buenos Ayres.

Portugal.

As a protest against the shooting of two strikers a general strike was ordered at Lisbon. A collision between the strikers and the Republican Guard took place, the latter charging the men with drawn swords. Many arrests have been made, including all the strike leaders. All papers have stopped publication.

"The Great French Revolution,"

By Peter Kropotkin.

A great book that shows the working-class side of a great epoch-marking event in the world's history. Price, 7s; posted, 8s. Order from the International Socialist Literature Department.

De Profundis.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

To regret one's own experiences is to arrest one's own development. To deny one's experiences is to put a lie into the lips of one's own life. It is no less than a denial of the soul.

Society takes it upon itself the right to inflict appalling punishment on the individual, but it also has the supreme vice of shallowness, and fails to realise what it has done. When the man's punishment is over, it leaves him to himself; that is to say, it abandons him at the very moment when its highest duty towards him begins.

Clergymen and people who use phrases without wisdom sometimes talk of suffering as a mystery. It is really a revelation. One discerns things one never discerned before. One approaches the whole of history from a different standpoint. What one had felt dimly, through instinct, about art, is intellectually and emotionally realised with perfect clearness of vision, and absolute intensity of apprehension.

Other things may be illusions of the eye or of appetite, made to blind the one and clay the other, but out of sorrow have the worlds been built, and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain.

A soul that renders the common air sweet and makes what is spiritual seem as simple and natural as sunlight or the sea: one for whom beauty and sorrow walk hand in hand, and have the same message.

Pleasure for the beautiful body, but pain for the beautiful soul.

The most terrible thing about it (prison life) is not that it breaks one's heart—hearts are made to be broken—but that it turns one's heart to stone.

One sometimes feels that it is only with a front of brass and a lip of scorn that one can get through the day at all.

Humility in the artist is his frank acceptance of all experiences, just as love in the artist is simply the beauty that reveals to the world its body and its soul.

A man whose desire is to be something separate from himself, to be a member of Parliament, or a successful grocer, or a judge, or something equally tedious, invariably succeeds in being what he wants to be. That is punishment. Those who want a mask have to wear it.

Two of the most perfect lives I have come across in my experience are the lives of Verlaine and of Prince Kropotkin: both of them men who have passed years in prison: the first, the one Christian poet since Dante; and the other a man with the soul of that beautiful white Christ which seems coming out of Russia.

In sublimity of soul there is no contagion. High thoughts and high emotions are, by their very existence, isolated.

We have forgotten that water can cleanse, and fire purify, and that the Earth is mother to us all. . . . I feel sure that in elemental forces there is purification, and I want to go back to them and live in their presence.

Great passions are for the great of soul, and great events can be seen by those who are on a level with them.

We call ours a utilitarian age, and we do not know the uses of any single thing.

The Philistine element in life is not the failure to understand art. . . . He is the Philistine who upholds and aids the heavy, cumbersome, blind, mechanical forces of society, and who does not recognise dynamic force when he meets it either in a man or a movement.

For a year after that was done to me I wept every day at the same hour and for the same space of time. That is not such a tragic thing as it possibly sounds to you. To those who are in prison tears are part of every day's experience. A day in prison on which one does not weep is a day on which one's heart is hard, not a day on which one's heart is happy.

In the strangely simple economy of the world people get what they give, and to those who have enough imagination to penetrate the mere outward of things, and feel pity, what pity can be given save that of scorn.

Love is a sacrament that should be taken kneeling, and *Domine non sum dignus* should be on the lips and in the hearts of those who receive it.

But Nature, whose sweet rains fall on unjust and just alike, will have clefts in the rock where I may hide, and secret valleys in whose silence I may weep undisturbed. She will hang the night with stars so that I may walk abroad in the darkness without stumbling, and send the wind over my foot-prints so that none may track me to my hurt: she will cleanse me in great waters, and with bitter herbs make me whole.

Like all poetical natures Christ loved ignorant people. He knew that in the soul of one who is ignorant there is always room for a great idea. But he could not stand stupid people, especially those who are made stupid by education; people who are full of opinions, not one of which they even understand most people live for love and admiration that we should live.

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GOD IN PICCADILLY.

Poisonous paint on us, under the gas,
Smiling like spectres, we gather to gaze:
Leprosy's taint on us, ghost-like we pass,
Watched by the eyes of yon pitiless Heaven!
Let the stars stare at us! God, too, may
glare at us
Out of the Void where He hideth so well—
Sisters of midnight, He damned us in making us.
Cast us like carrion to men, then forsaking us,
Smiles on His throne on these markets of Hell!

Laugh! Those who turn from us too have their
price!
There, for the proud, other harlots are dressing!
They too may learn from us man's old device—
Food for his lust, with some sham of a blessing!
Sons of old Adam there, buy the fine ma'am
there,
Bid with a coronet, yea, or a crown!
Sisters, who'd envy the glory which graces them,
They, too, are sold to the lust which embraces
them,
E'en in the Church, with Christ looking down.
—ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Mullock Picker.

BY L.L.B.

THERE was no beauty in that northern landscape; it was flat, and the vegetation was sparse and small and unvaried. The rich sunset sky, ripening to a red blaze of splendor and tailing off to soft rose and violet—that was the only touch of beauty—and it was gone like a dream.

In front of the quai a little cottage where Hans Orsen and his wife had lived for years ran an old railway line, rusty from want of use; and along the side of the house there was a dry sandy creek thick with an overgrowth of bottle trees.

There were only two rooms perched high above the ground, and a tiny verandah shut in by canvas bags to keep out the fierce tropical sun. At the back were the only steps, they had no hand-rail, and the half-door swung outwards in the wind; and coming downstairs suddenly one might step on an unwary dog or a lazy cat, or a friendly duck or hen.

The rough, cool room below was cut out of the clay and finished off like the verandah with walls of bagging. A rough slab table and bench were its only furniture. Here the Orsens ate their meals and received visitors on summer days when the thermometer was on the upgrade. There was a little slip of a kitchen also underneath the cottage, something like its mistress—very diminutive. If you had been so minded you could fall down from the sitting room upstairs right into the kitchen, because when the stove had been removed from that end of the room there was no money to buy timber to fill up the breach. However, it was no great depth, for Hans could stand in the lower regions and join in the conversation up above, with his head just peeping above the floor. Rebecca was strong on her ideas as to what was proper, and she would not allow him to come up hot and dusty from his mullock picking to drink tea with company—not unless, he had "cleaned himself."

There was nothing in the way of furniture in the best room, except a table and cupboard and an old sewing machine and some chairs as lame as old Hans himself, but on the cupboard there were some marvellous pieces of glassware and china—relics of those historic days when the old bush prospector was able to keep a little bank-book in the top drawer of the cupboard. But even the memory of those days, like the figures in the bank-book, were fading now, and Hans was picking mullock (the cast-off stuff from one of the biggest mines in the district), and want and debt were slowly creeping on the old man like grim spectres in the night.

Rebecca and he had never had a quarrel—not a real one—only just lately they had nearly come to something like it, for a much needed half-crown had suddenly disappeared—and she had accused him of spending it. The enormity of such an accusation had so weighed upon him that he ate no dinner that day, and walked in two miles to tell Mr. Mason, the Union secretary, about it. (For he was still a good unionist, and paid his fees even if he had to go short in other ways).

However, the delinquent coin turned up safe and sound under a china dog on the top shelf, so the two were reconciled, and Hans killed a young kid for the Sunday's dinner in honor of the event—and, besides, it saved buying meat.

These two old folks were only Nature's children after all. They had a great friend just across the railway line (Pat McDougall) who read all their correspondence for them, for Rebecca had emigrated before she had ever seen a spelling book, and Hans could read very little English. Pat was also a great authority on politics and other questions, and they looked up to him as a final court of appeal on any important matter.

It was a sunny evening in October. Hans

had been crushing all the week, with good expectations—and Rebecca had been garnering a small crop of paw-paws—for the best crushing they could possibly get would hardly pay the grocer and the other tradesmen unless she could make up the deficit. She would have dug up more of the garden and put in a crop of cabbages if her rheumatics had not been so bad.

She looked up suddenly from her watering and saw Hans running home as hard as he could. He must have done better than he expected. She hobbled to the gate.

"Well, Hans, what sort of crushing?"
"Ah, I nearly granky, Rebecca, I shall go mad! Nine weeks work and not a single penny—and we're twelve pounds in debt as it is—and ven I go into the office they say I'm sixty shillings in debt to the company."

"Good God!" cried Rebecca, clutching at his sleeve, "and haven't you got anything at all, Hans? Not a penny? Oh! dear me, what ever shall we do?" and she began to cry into her blue apron.

Her husband stood leaning against the gate in the fading sunlight dejected, haggard, and dazed. Then he said, quickly:

"I'll go and fetch Pat over; he'll know the best to do."

Rebecca was full of trouble, for the tradesmen would be coming for their money, and the rates for the cottage were now long overdue. They had had bad crushings before, and often after waiting two months had only realised a few shillings, but it had never been so bad as this.

The Orsens sat as if stunned while their old friend read the document. It was only too true. Hans' work for these past long weeks had fetched a few pounds, but there was a contra account for crushing so much—carting and hauling so much—percentage on the gross yield so much—and the balance was on the wrong side by £1 11s 4d.

When McDougall had finished reading, the old prospector got up quickly and went down the steps, and they heard him sob as he paced up and down in the darkness.

But McDougall was seized with an inspiration. Why not apply for an old age pension? Why, he could call round this very night and see Sergeant Martin and get him to bring round the papers the next day.

They called in old Hans to tell him, but the debts still weighed on the old man's mind, and he talked in his sleep about sands and sludges and the company's bill, till Rebecca shook him and woke him up. However, he felt quite light-hearted when the sergeant came up with the papers, although he could not produce his birth certificate (never having heard of the existence of such a document), nor could he remember his mother's maiden name.

It was a week after this that the sergeant called again and asked to be allowed to look at the company's bills for the past twelve months. He also examined the furniture and turned the chairs upside down to see their value.

Rebecca was a bit apprehensive. She explained that the land was only a goldfields homestead lease and the cottage was only patched together. But still the sergeant went on making mental notes, and Rebecca's uneasiness increased when, a few days later, an uncanny-looking blue envelope arrived by post.

McDougall was summoned to read it, and it proved to be a formal intimation to Hans Orsen that, on the report of Sergeant Martin, he had property to the amount of so much, and was, therefore, only entitled to five shillings a week as a pension allowance! Five shillings a week for two of them on a mining field where food and necessities cost so much! And the rates overdue! And debts that must be paid! Hans thought of the big shareholder who had lately put an end to his financial troubles with a dose of cyanide. But there was poor Rebecca—all her people were dead and gone.

He got up and walked down into the little garden where the mangoes were beginning to ripen, while Rebecca began to confide to McDougall that there was "something the matter with Hans." He couldn't go on the Mullock these two days, his back was so bad—and he don't eat nothing."

Big tears welled up in her old eyes. McDougall went down and told the old man that they had better go and see Mr. Mason about it early to-morrow, the place had been greatly over-valued. Why! it was half bag and galvanised iron, and the white ants were everywhere!

And Rebecca came to the door at last and told them to see the auctioneer about selling her old glass and china, but she turned away before she was half through with her sentence.

Hans crawled next morning to the Mullock heap, for he owed the company that thirty shillings, and he must make an effort to pay it. The days went by very slowly, and Hans did not talk much—only his wife heard him mumbling away at times under the mango trees.

She staved off the baker and grocer as best she could, and she sent her household gods (wet with tears) to the auction rooms.

And at last the blue envelope arrived again. McDougall was there waiting to get the news.

Hans was out of the way somewhere, and Rebecca was so anxious that she could

hardly wait for Pat's deliberate and sonorous interpretation. She ran as well as her lame feet would let her to the little side garden and shouted:

"It's all right Hans. They've given you the ten shillings. You've got the ten shillings. Hans—Why! where are you Man? I say—they've given you the ten shillings all right!"

She pushed her way through the over-changing creepers and McDougall followed closely.

"Wherever are you, Hans? Don't you hear me? You've got the ten shillings after all—"

But Hans sat still and silent under the furthest mango tree, his head forward and his empty pipe beside him on the grass.

The big blue envelope had no concern for him—and to-morrow—though the sun would shine upon the Mullock heap—he would not be there!

Socialist Fables.

The Merchant and the Pearl.

BY W.R.W.

A MERCHANT once travelled through many lands in search of valuable pearls.

He bought a large number of good pearls, but finally he came on one of extraordinary value, and he sold all the others to buy that one.

Having secured the pearl, he took passage on the homeward-bound vessel, intending to sell his pearl, make a home, and settle down in comfort.

In a terrific storm, however, the vessel was wrecked, and the merchant was washed ashore on a small island, the rest of the passengers and crew all being drowned.

He had managed, however, to save his pearl, and he blessed himself for that.

After a brief rest, he commenced to explore the island, and in his rambles he came upon a small hut which had been built from former wrecks.

On approaching this hut, he discovered a man who told him that he also had been cast up by the waves from a wreck; and that he had taken possession of the island in the King's name.

He further claimed that as he was the first comer, all the land and everything upon it belonged to him, and any who came after to settle there, must pay for privilege of living on the land and must give up to the owner a portion of the produce of their labor.

The merchant thought that such a claim was quite in accord with civilised institutions, so he inquired as to the owner's terms.

The owner said the terms would depend on the purchasing power of the merchant. He said, "You know the demand is very keen, and the supply limited. The law of supply and demand is sacred, you know."

"Yes," said the merchant, "but I have lost everything but this one pearl. It is a very valuable pearl, and worth far more than the whole of this island."

"It isn't of any value here," said the owner, "but as there is a possibility of getting away to some place where I can sell it some day, I will take it as part payment, but you will also have to give me half of what you earn while you are here."

The merchant thought the terms were a bit hard, but as he had been brought up where similar conditions enforced were against those who came last into the country, he thought it was quite right in a general way, so he complied.

Some time after a passing vessel landed a boat and took the castaways off the island; and the story of the pearl and the island became a subject of debate on the ship.

Some of the people said it was outrageous for the first man to drive such a hard bargain, and that the second comer should have taken some of the land by force; but the rest said that would have been robbery and confiscation, as the first man had taken possession in the name of the King.

Finally, the merchant was asked if he didn't regret the loss of his pearl, and he replied that he did not, as he was fully recompensed by having a pearl of wisdom imparted to him. He could now see the injustice and fraud in "civilised institutions," and would henceforth become a Socialist, and be happy in working for their overthrow and the establishment of something better in their place.

The cables report, re the trial of Steiner Morrison: "When the verdict was announced Morrison stood with arms folded and head flung back, and gazed defiantly at the foreman and judge, and at the reference to the invocation of mercy in the closing portion of the death sentence, exclaimed, 'I decline such mercy. I do not believe that there is a God in heaven!'"

Andrew Toth, sentenced for "life" on a charge of murder, has been liberated at Pittsburg, U.S.A., after serving twenty years, his innocence having been established.

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The International Socialist

Official Organ of Revolutionary Socialism in N.S.W.

Under the control of the Joint Executives, International Socialists.

H. E. HOLLAND, Editor.

O. W. JORGENSEN, Manager.

Offices: 61 Goulburn-street, Sydney

Headquarters: 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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